

## Chapter 4 (Back At It)

\*\*\*

That night, I told Kloe all that had happened.

"Well, that's creepy," she stated with a frown.

"I know right. But I gotta admit he's attractive." I replied, t into my pizza.

"But it's too bad you couldn't ask him all the twenty questions professor told you to ask him. How many did you ask?"

I looked at her.

"I don't know. About, five? Or less. Man, I don't remember."

"Oh dear, that means you gotta go back there and ask them all."

I looked at her as if she was crazy.

"The fuck is wrong with you? Do I look like I hate my life?"

"Donnica, you have to."

"To hell with the questions."

"And to hell with your diploma?"

She hit the sensitive spot.

"Hmm, I hate the fact that you're right."

"Good. You wouldn't wanna risk your future."

Oh no. A er all I'd told that murderer? I had to return?

"Donnie just go there, be straight to the point. Ask him the questions on the list and nothing else. Plus, you'll be surrounded by security. Once through, pack your stu and leave. Don't even answer him. Nor react to any of his moves." a

"You're right. I have no choice but to return." a

I was not happy about this. I felt sick. I had to do this once and for all and get over that murderer.

\*\*\*

With all the courage I could get, I returned to central prison the next day.

I was taken back to that room where I sat, patiently waiting for the guards to bring Anthonio. I nervously prepared myself. I promised to show no emotions too. Especially not fear. I tried to look as confident as possible.

(ABOUT HIS AGE! When I wrote this book, I THOUGHT 24 WAS OLD ENOUGH. Now that I'm in my early 20's I realise it's not. IF YOU WANT, you can imagine him to be 29, 30, any age that's your ideal age.) a

A er five minutes, he was brought in. Still in chains. He sat down across me and we were soon le alone. I gulped before speaking up.

"Good morning, Mr Caruso." I faked a serious tone. He was silent for a while but then spoke up.

"Didn't expect you back." he replied slowly.

"I'm on assignment. Shall I begin from where I stopped?" I looked up at him but he didn't reply, "I'll take that as a yes."

He always had a cold, empty expression. a

"Can you estimate a number for all people whom you murdered or killed in any way?"

"I've bombed a lot of areas. And killed a lot of people, with my hands. Too many to estimate."

I swallowed and noted.

"Rumors says you're- um...racist. Is that true?" I asked, my body beginning to shiver a little. But I did my best not to look scared.

"If I was racist, you would be dead." a

**'Oh lord.'** a

I coughed and cleared my throat.

"Okay."

I asked him questions on the list until I was done. Atlast! The joy that arose in me.

"Are you done?" he asked.

"Yes. Finally." I admitted proudly.

"Okay. My turn."

I looked at him like he'd said something crazy.

"Y- your what?"

"Turn. To ask you questions."

I stopped breathing, again.

"What??"

"I won't take no for an answer."

His sentence came out like a threat and I knew better than to anger him. Such people had allies everywhere. If I said no, I might get shot in the head immediately I le the prison.

"But-"

"You didn't ask about the years I'm to spend here. Why?"

I gulped.

"Uh, it- it wasn't on my list."

"Ask." his voice came out in slow snarl.

"Uh, how many years were you sentenced to?" I was already trembling.

"I was sentenced to death. My country permitted your country to sentence me, to death."

**'Huh??'**

Then why did he tell me to ask about the number of years.

"Uh..."

"Do you believe I'll stay here forever?" was his next confusing question.

"I don't know."

"I'll escape from here." he said casually, strangely playing with the chains on his hands.

I felt a knot in tummy and my eyes prickled. I could hardly breathe straight.

"Why are you telling me this??" I asked, afraid.

"Because I want to. I have a lot of contacts, you know."

"It's none of my business!" I retorted, fear taking over me. I wanted to stand but there was some sort of force holding me down.

"Now it is. If you repeat this to anyone, you're a dead person."

"But I didn't ask you tell me anything!" I stood up angrily.

"This is what you'll do for me. Today is Tuesday, visit me for the rest of this week. Until Friday. I know you're graduating Saturday and so I'll spare you that day."

"What?! Why?? No!" I grabbed my bag and stu quickly, turning to leave.

"Don't go anywhere. I know where you live, where your friends live. I know everything about you."

I stopped in my tracks, horrified as I turned to him. He stared, without blinking an eye.

"W- what do you know?" I stammered.

"Your room number. 28. Your roommate, Kloe Bakari. Your parents in Chicago Illinois, 55 Acorn street. Both business people. And you, their only child. Heir to their fortune."

My legs seemed to weaken. Terrified, my bag dropped to the floor, my eyes watering.

"How- how do you-"

"Like I said. Contacts. Just do as I say and I'll decide if I leave you and your family in peace."

"Oh my gawd..." my eyes prickled and began to water. My body was shivering. "Why. me?"

"See you tomorrow. And a er tomorrow. And Friday."

I stared, my whole body trembling with fear. He knew everything about me! How?! Why?

"Please, leave me alone a er Friday. Please."

He stared blankly at me. I awaited no reply and so with shaky hands and knees, I got my bag and le that place as fast as possible.

**\*Your thoughts so far? Please vote** 🗳️👍👎👉.\*

**Continue to next part**